Hip. I was with *Hercules* and *Cadmus* once,
When in a wood of *Creete* they bayed the Beare
With hounds of *Sparta*; neuer did I heare
Such gallant chiding. For beſides the groues,
The skies, the fountaines, euery region neere,
Seeme all one mutuall cry. I neuer heard
So muſicall a diſcord, ſuch ſweete thunder.
Theſ. My hounds are bred out of the *Spartan* kinde,
So flew'd, ſo ſanded, and their heads are hung
With eares that ſweepe away the morning dew,
Crooke kneed, and dew-lapt, like *Theſſalian* Buls,
Slow in purſuite, but matcht in mouth like bels,
Each vnder each. A cry more tuneable
Was neuer hollowd to, nor cheer'd with horne,
In *Creete*, in *Sparta*, nor in *Theſſaly*;
Iudge when you heare. But ſoft, what nimphs are theſe?
Egeus. My Lord, this is my daughter heere aſleepe,
And this *Lyſander*, this *Demetrius* is,
This *Helena*, olde *Nedars Helena*,
I wonder of this being heere together.
The. No doubt they roſe vp early, to obſerue
The right of May; and hearing our intent,
Came heere in grace of our ſolemnity.
But ſpeake *Egeus*, is not this the day
That *Hermia* ſhould giue anſwer of her choyſe?
Egeus. It is, my Lord.
Th. Go bid the huntſmen wake them with their hornes.
Shout within, they all ſtart vp. Winde hornes.
Theſ. Good morrow friends: Saint *Valentine* is paſt,
Begin theſe wood birds but to couple now?
Lyſ. Pardon, my Lord.
Theſ. I pray you all ſtand vp.
I know you two are Riuall enemies.
How comes this gentle concord in the world,
That hatred is ſo farre from iealouſie,

To

To ſleepe by hate, and feare
Lyſ. My Lord, I ſhall rep
Halfe ſleepe, halfe waking. I
I cannot truely ſay how I ca
But as I thinke (for truely w
And now I do bethinke me,
I came with *Hermia* hither.
Was to be gone from *Athen*
Without the perill of the *A*
Ege. Enough, enough my
I beg the Law, the Law, vp
They would haue ſtolne awa
Thereby to haue defeated y
You of your wife, and me o
Of my conſent, that ſhe ſhou
Dem. My Lord, faire *Hel*
Of this their purpoſe hither,
And I in fury hither followe
Faire *Helena*, in fancy follo
But my good Lord, I wot no
(But by ſome power it is) m
To *Hermia* (melted as the ſ
Seemes to me now as the re
Which in my childehood I
And all the faith, the vertue
The obiect and the pleaſure
Is onely *Helena*. To her, my
Was I bethroth'd, ere I ſee
But like a ſickneſſe, did I loa
But as in health, come to my
Now do I wiſh it, loue it, lo
And will for euermore be t
Theſ. Faire Louers, you ar
Of this diſcourſe, we will he
Egeus, I will ouerbeare you